A Pastor's Last Words To His People.

"Seek ye the Lord while He may be found, call ye upon Him while He is near; Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts: and let him return unto the Lord, and He will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for He will abundantly pardon."

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To the Congregation

of

St. Andrew's Church, Kingston, C. W.

As one who has been long and specially connected with this Congregation, and who will ever take a deep interest in its harmony and prosperity, allow me to address to you a few words regarding the experience and testimony of your late Pastor on his death-bed. His illness was a long, severe and trying one,—causing him much acute bodily suffering,—which also pressed heavily on his mind and spirits, sometimes with almost overwhelming weight. But all that he suffered, he received as the needed chastening of his Heavenly Father,—righteous, merciful and good, and the language of his heart always was—"Not my will, but thine be done;—I will be still because the Lord hath done it."

Alone with God, and brought near to Him, he was taught more deeply than he had ever been, to see the holiness of God,—His righteous abhorrence of all sin, and condemnation of it as exceedingly evil in itself,—as separating from Himself the fountain of life and blessedness, and polluting and destroying to the souls He has made,—entailing upon them

misery in this life and eternal ruin hereafter ;—and he justified God in His holy condemnation of it. In himself he could see no good thing, nothing which could stand God's pure, searching eye, and he condemned and abhorred sin as he saw it in himself. His confidence and refuge was alone in the forgiving love of God as his reconciled Father, manifested and embracing him through the gift and sacrifice of His Beloved Son,—and in the blood of Jesus which cleanseth from all sin—ever accounting it a "faithful saying and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ came into the world to save sinners, even the chief;" and abiding in this confidence, when heart and flesh were fainting and failing, he could say, calmly,—"Lord Jesus, come quickly," "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit." It was this rock upon which alone he could stand, and upon this rock he earnestly desired that you, his people, might stand also. His earnest prayer was, that there might be a true revival of vital religion in the Congregation—a real turning to God among you.

He spoke several times of the kindness he had invariably received from his people during the whole period of his ministry, and in his illness, remembering many special acts of such kindness; and of the many peaceful days he had spent among you,—such he said as seldom fall to the lot of any Minister. But he felt he was still a debtor to every one of you. He desired that you might remember and give heed to the truth spoken by him whilst among you, but he had an earnest desire, if it had been the will of God, that he might have been permitted once more to address you from the pulpit, to warn you as he had never before done, and to beseech you to seek the Lord while he may be found; to turn to Him with full purpose of heart while He is near. He felt he could tell you from his own experience of the sensations of a death-bed, when the body is racked with pain, and the mind prostrated by weakness,—how unfit such a time is for repentance, should it be left till then.

You know what he was among you for thirty-six years—

laboring to the utmost of his strength, and often beyond it. But he never spoke of his past labors; his language in the retrospect was, "I thought I was in earnest, but in the light of a near eternity, and realizing the preciousness of the immortal soul, and how all-important is its salvation, I desire that I had been much more faithful to the souls of my people; much more earnest for their salvation." The message that he desired to be conveyed to you,—to every one of you, was, to be satisfied with nothing less than a *real* conversion of heart to God, a *true*, *personal* knowledge of Christ, and a conscious abiding in His love and His salvation. "Oh, what madness, said he, does it now appear to me, for the heart of man which God made for Himself, to be engrossed with the world as its portion."

May you seriously ponder these things: they were spoken by your departed Pastor under the near view of eternal realities,—and he being dead, yet speaketh. May you all be united in one heart and one mind, and in prayer to the Lord to send you a Pastor after His own heart, who will feed you with the Bread of Life; and may you who have hitherto been a united Congregation, be preserved from a spirit of division so disastrous to a Congregation, and so injurious to your own souls.

Yours, in much affection and regard,

M. MACHAR.

THE MANSE, KINGSTON, FEB. 24, 1863.

FROM NOTES OF HIS ADDRESSES DELIVERED AT THE LAST COMMUNION SERVICE,—WRITTEN IN A HAND EVEN THEN TREMULOUS FROM THE INFLUENCE OF THE MALADY, WHICH WAS SO SOON TO CARRY HIM FROM THEIR SIGHT,—THESE LAST WORDS EVER PUBLICLY ADDRESSED TO THEM BY THEIR LATE PASTOR, HAVE BEEN COLLECTED FOR THE USE OF THE CONGREGATION TO WHOM THEY WERE SPOKEN.

Exhortation to intending Communicants

GIVEN BY THE REV. JOHN MACHAR, D. D., MINISTER OF ST. ANDREW'S CHURCH, ON SATURDAY, OCTOBER 18, 1862.

DEAR FRIENDS:—I shall not now attempt to say much to you, and yet, as one appointed to watch for your souls, who must soon give an account,—I may be permitted to advert for a few moments to the solemn and delightful circumstances in which we now stand. If spared until the morrow, we shall be once more privileged to sit down at that Table where the weary have so often been refreshed and the hungry filled with good things. The Master of the Feast has again come to us, and His voice to us is "Behold I stand at the door and knock," and He but waits for our

opening the door to "come in to us, to sup with us," and to admit us to sup with Him in sweet and reviving fellowship. And when is it that we shall open the door to Him? Just then when we most feel our need of Him;—when we most clearly see the evil that is in us, and that it is an evil under which, unless He deliver us from it, we must inevitably and miserably perish. Dear friends, seek to see this evil, and to see it now, that you may raise your voice to Christ, and say, "Come in to me, Lord, and make me to taste the blessedness of which thou hast spoken!"

These Communion seasons with us recur only at distant intervals; and it is an advantage arising from this that at their recurrence the heart is often deeply solemnized. Your hearts may now be deeply solemnized. The hand of God, which can reach us in so many ways, has touched you. You are thinking of those who have gone from among us of late years, and thinking that perhaps ere another Communion season comes round, you too may be gone. They are thoughts to solemnize your spirit,—thoughts to awaken the enquiry—How shall I be prepared for this Communion? it may be my last on earth, with my God and Saviour. Dear friends, you will be prepared for it just as by the Holy Spirit you are convinced of sin that is in you,—of its vileness,—its misery,—its destructiveness,—and as by the same Spirit you are enabled to open your hearts to Christ, and to count all things but loss that you may win Christ and be found in Him. Happy those among us whose sin has found them out, and who, taking the publican's place, lift up his cry "God be merciful to me a sinner!" "The sacrifices of God are a broken and a contrite spirit;" and if such at the time shall be your sacrifices, your Communion with Him will be sweet.

Ask then the Holy Spirit, as you examine yourselves this evening,—ask Him to show you all that is in your heart, to convince you of sin. I commend you to Him who casts out none that truly come to Him. I commend

you every one! "The good Lord pardon every one that prepares his heart to seek God, though it be not prepared according to the purification of the sanctuary."

"The Lord bless thee and keep thee. The Lord make His face to shine, and be gracious unto thee. The Lord lift up the light of His countenance upon thee and give thee peace."

Address to the Communicants

AT THE TABLE OF THE LORD,—DELIVERED ON SABBATH, OCTOBER 19, 1862.

"Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits, who forgiveth all thine iniquities, who healeth all thy diseases, who redeemeth thy life from destruction."—In such language, Communicants, if you were to give expression to your present emotions, would you not now utter them, as you think of Him through whose blood you have remission, nor remission only, but *healing*,—even all that you need to make you whole of your soul's plague, and to fill you with a new and pure and Heavenly life! If so be that you have tasted that the Lord is thus gracious,—what blessedness is yours! A wondering and weeping prophet once exclaimed—"Is there no balm in Gilead—is there no Physician there"? But *you* are not left to make any such dark and painful enquiries. You know of a cure of infallable efficacy, you have found a physician infinite in pity and infinite in skill. Your hurt, like that of Israel of old, was a grievous hurt. It polluted you and made you wretched. "The whole head was sick, and the whole heart faint."—And it was a fatal hurt; it baffled all human skill; it defied all human remedies; and you must soon have sunk under its virulence, and perished forever.

But God had mercy upon you; He laid help for you on One mighty to save. In Christ you have a healing balm for all your spiritual maladies. His blood is a fountain opened for sin, and for all uncleanness; you have washed in that fountain and experienced the efficacy of its healing waters. And still you desire to wash in it,—still you desire to look unto Jesus, that you may have pardon and peace and purity and eternal life. And here at His Table you desire to meet with Him, and to put yourselves wholly into His hands, that He may give you the balm of His broken body and shed blood; and, under the sweet experience of its cleansing and healing power, cause you to sing with exulting hearts of His power and pity, saying—" Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, bless His holy name."

Trusting that such,—or similar to these, are the emotions and desires of your hearts, we now proceed to put into your hands the tokens of Christ's broken body and shed blood.

Address after Communicating.

Communicants!—one who had suffered long and had suffered much, once came behind Jesus in the press, and touched his garment, for she said "If I may touch but His clothes, I shall be whole." And happy was she who thus believed; virtue straightway went out of Him, and she was healed. Now, has your confidence in Jesus been like that of this sufferer, and has it been blessed? As you have said at His Table in your hearts, "If I may but touch the hem of his garment, I shall be whole,"—does He know, and do you know, that virtue has come out of Him to heal you? Adore His mercy and goodness; let your soul bless the Lord; let all that is within you bless His holy name.

Cleave henceforth to your Physician. Have no Saviour but Christ. Resort for healing to none other but Him, for

all others are Physicians of no value,—they could not save you, and you would again become the prey of disease and death. Having experienced the Heavenly Physician's power to heal, perform healthy acts; engage in healthy exercises. Go forth to your daily work in God's service until the evening. See what the Lord would have you to do in your own souls, in your families, in the Church, in the world. "To do good, and to communicate, forget not." There are many around you wounded by sin—wounded by it, as you were, unto death. Can you stand by and see them perish? Surely if you have come to Jesus and been healed, you will bring others to Him that *they* may be healed. Did *He* refuse to come into personal contact with our wickedness and misery? Instead of sending a substitute to be our deliverer, He delivered us Himself. "He loved us and gave himself for us!" Communicants, remember this; and when you see those who have none to care for their souls,—and they are at your doors,—pass them not by on the other side, but have compassion on them and hasten to their relief. Love as you have been loved; give yourselves to the recovery of the wounded and dying as Christ gave Himself for you, when you were wounded and dying. It is not long that you will have to go about this blessed work,—this only work worth living for! The night cometh when no man can work. Some have gone from among us since last we kept this Feast. We, too, must soon leave our places in the Church below. But what of this if we have been about our Master's business, and walked in love as Christ also loved us and gave Himself for us? Death will then have no terrors for us; it will only sever us from a body in which we groan, being burdened; and whether our passage over its dark waters be rough or smooth, we shall be welcomed to the joy of the Lord on the farther shore.

Finally, submit to your Heavenly Physician's treatment. Submit to it not less when it is painful than when it is

pleasant! We know not what the Lord may see meet to do with us. We know not what sore trials it may be His will to send us. But Oh, Communicants, let it comfort your hearts that He will do *all* things well; that He will, with unerring wisdom, appoint the things that are for the life of your spirit; that He will, in love to your souls, deliver you from the pit of destruction; and that the hour is not distant when, having perfected all that concerneth you, He shall translate you to a land where the inhabitant shall no more say "I am sick," because the people that dwell therein shall be forgiven their iniquity! Go, rejoicing in these things. Go now from His table singing His praises as in the Eucharistic Psalm:—"Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, bless His holy name!"

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